

A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE



LULU JAMISON

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"Poor Brian. What a state to be in. Don't shudder any more. The places I go, and the people I meet, only hurt my heart. A very effective hurt, too; for it teaches me to appreciate my own good fortune, and it makes me feel very grateful to sit here amid so much comfort and luxury, and remember the many victims of the world's injustice. You could never imagine, Brian, what passionate delight that poor little crippled girl took in the few flowers I carried her; and while I watched her, I could not help thinking what a revelation a sight of Elmwood would be to her. I have been thinking of it ever since. So many plans have filled my heart, but they are all impossible. I feel so helpless and rebellious. Doctor, you are smiling. I don't think you quite enter into my feelings. Can you imagine a woman living on the proceeds of button holes, at a cent and a half apiece? Agnes' mother supports herself so. She is satisfied, she told me, when button holes are plenty. But now they are not. Hooks and eyes have taken their place. I told Nanny the other day that I liked hooks and eyes. Now I hate them, because I know they have taken bread from at least one woman's mouth. And she is not alone. I feel that I have been living in a small corner of the earth up to this time, and I am only just awaking to real actual life. It is a sad revelation for me. I cannot tell you how many women I saw to-day, and how many others I heard of, who sing the Song of the Shirt from daylight to midnight to whom its heart-break and want are a living reality. How can we talk of the demands of the lower classes? Shall we imitate the example of the man who gave a Bible when the starving woman asked for bread? We forget our souls when the body is hungry; at least, I should. But, if I were one of those women, wearing out my life for a pittance, I should not forget that the man for whom I starved lived in a palace, and enjoyed the luxuries purchased with my life-blood. The world addresses such men, and calls them fortunate and successful, because they have made so much wealth in a few years; but I am very much afraid that, if I were in their place, I should see a wan, hungry face on every dollar."

"Isn't that rather severe, Mrs. Leigh?" Margaret did not meet Wilson's eye as she answered this question.

"Perhaps it is. I'm afraid I always express myself too strongly. These things appeal to me so forcibly, and when I feel, I feel intensely."

"Then take my advice and don't go among them," observed Brian, practically. "It is not true philosophy to seek out the dark side of life. This is not home, and you cannot be sure into what sort of places your wanderings may take you, or what kind of characters you may meet."

Margaret was thoughtful a moment. "I do not chance upon much refinement and elegance," she said presently; "but that does not affect me in any way. I feel that I could take the hand of the worst creature on earth and not be lowered. You know I have a prejudice against those people whose excessive goodness shrinks from contact with others—not always so much worse, only more unfortunate than themselves. They are the Pharisees, who thank God they are not as their neighbors are. Suppose we should imitate them. I like to see the picture of the woman clinging to the cross, and I confess I find it inspiring; but at the same time, I cannot help thinking that the woman who holds out her hand to an unfortunate sister is more helpful and more noble. If the world thinks otherwise I disagree with it. Don't draw down your lips in that pathetic way, Brian. This isn't a sermon. I shan't say another word."

Margaret settled back in her chair, with an air of determination that rather amused Wilson.

"I am on your side of the question," he replied, with a smile. "So is Brian, if he chooses to admit as much."

"I'm incapable of any admission just now," put in Brian. "I am wholly lost in admiration of Margaret's facility for disposing of all opinions not her own, and marching on to victory. She has a way of bringing out her closing remarks, which say quite decidedly 'There, that's final. Dispute if you dare!' It is useless to say 'Oh, Brian!' Margaret. The fact is true. You have a most astonishing tenacity for your own ideas. You can out-argue the greatest logician on earth. Out-talk him, I should say."

"Thanks for the correction. Your distinction is delicate, but obvious. It would be too much, I am sure, for any man to give a woman credit for an ability to argue. I wonder what poor men will do, when they are forced to recognize woman's mental equality. Perhaps even then they will continue to indulge in witty satire, at her expense. We forgive them. To lecture us affords them innocent amusement, and they really haven't the grace to echo Charlotte Bronte's prayer: 'When I have nothing to say, may the Lord give me grace to be silent.'"

"You have us quite defenseless, Mrs. Leigh. Brian has not a word to say, and I am but little better. How are we to find consolation for your unfaltering 'don't'?"

"You would not be a true man, Doctor, if you did not find it within yourself. I have often thought that you are the natural follower of Descartes. Theoretically and practically you find the ego all sufficient."

blind. Indeed, he usually is blind when he wants to be; but it would be quite reprehensible for a woman to pretend defective vision in similar circumstances. So there is some consolation for you. Am I driving you away, Doctor?"

"By no means," rejoined Wilson, who had placed at her question, and now stood looking down upon her with a quizzical light in his eyes. "I am only sorry I can not sit longer; but your sweeping accusation against the convenient blindness of men reminds me that I have a patient waiting for me down the street; and as that is a duty to which I cannot be blind, I shall have to say good-night. I admit there is much justice in your remark. Nevertheless, I hope that time may improve your opinion of us poor men. Brian, any moments you have to spare, remember and pity my lonely state."

"You don't deserve pity on that score," rejoined Brian, promptly. "You know the remedy and refuse to apply it."

Wilson laughed in answer, and saying "Good-night," he left them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A LINK FROM THE OLD LIFE.

As Margaret hoped and expected, Bertie put in an appearance two evenings later—the same light-hearted, cheery Bertie, with his never-failing good-humor and his almost inexhaustible store of news and gossip, to carry her back to her home and let her feel, in imagination at least, something of its old pleasures and interests.

Changes in a small place are always more significant and of more general interest than those in a great city, where the identity of the individual is lost in the great labyrinth of humanity, and Margaret, whose affection absence had only increased, took a keen delight in hearing not only of the friends she had left but of even the slightest occurrence about Elmwood and its surroundings, and, in return, Bertie warranted to hear about herself.

"This city air has not brought the roses to your cheeks," he said. "I hope you haven't developed such a fondness for it that you will be sorry to come back to us."

"Never, Bertie; my mind can never even imagine such a possibility. In the first place, I don't like New York. I actually hate it, though I shouldn't tell anyone but you; and, in the second place, I love Elmwood dearly. Then there are things I enjoy there which I cannot have here; my rides, for one thing. Occasionally I have a ride in the park, but it isn't the same as at home. Here one must go at a certain gait, and people ride awkwardly, too. I think I suppose it is the fashionable way, but I don't like it. I have been around a great deal. Brian takes me everywhere, and I usually enjoy the places we visit."

"And Brian?" questioned Bertie, meeting her eye.

Her head drooped slightly. Bertie saw the action. He left his chair and came to her.

"Tell me, Margaret," he said, placing his hand upon her shoulder, "it isn't so hard for you to answer?"

"No," she replied in a low voice, "it should not be so hard now. My heart has ached, oh, so terribly, and I have been hopeless and despairing, because I was alone—so helplessly alone. Ah, I know what you would say. I have friends. Yes, such true friends. Do you think I ever doubted them, Bertie? But you can understand that there are sorrows which none can share. Lately I have been more encouraged. He has left me so little, but last night he was later than usual, and to-night he is not here—at all."

Her head drooped still lower and his hand fell until it rested on hers with a gentle, reassuring sympathy in its touch.

"All may be right," he said with an effort at consolation.

"Perhaps," she answered, "I can only hope, and if it should not be, the disappointment will be so bitter. Last night he did not seem perfectly himself. I tried to believe I imagined it, but I am afraid I showed something in my actions. I tried so hard, too—so hard not to let him see."

"Why should you have tried?" cried Bertie, pressing his lips hard. "Why should you consider him? You have feelings, too. Must they always be outraged?"

Margaret raised her eyes at this strong expression of his thoughts.

"I think women can't consider their feelings, Bertie," she returned, with a sigh. "It seems to me that, no matter how hard or how bitter it may be, they can never get beyond the range of duty. I think we grow to be hypocrites in a way. We are so often obliged to hide our hearts. I know I have often smiled my brightest when my eyes were burning with tears I held back. I suppose the baptism of sorrow must touch us all, and I only hope that it may wash out all that should not be in my life, and make me braver and stronger for what is to come. Are you leaving me, Bertie? I'm afraid you find me very doleful."

"I leave you, Margaret, to find him. I cannot bear to sit here and hear you talk and—There, I'll let you be a baby next. Margaret, you are a dear, brave girl. Long ago, when—"

"Before you thought I should grow into such a sedate young woman," interrupted Margaret, hastily. "We used to fight gloriously in those days, didn't we? Uncle fancied I should always be a tomboy. I wonder if he would recognize me now?"

She finished with a sigh, and the light words had held such deep meaning that Bertie found it hard to meet the eyes she raised so bravely to his.

"So long ago?" he said, half absently. "Not quite six years since I first saw you. I remember the day so perfectly. You were just home from college, and you had two cats tied together by the tails. I thought you such a cruel boy. Well, you want to go? I shall see you again, shan't I? You are like a breath from Elmwood, Bertie."

"You will see me again, and soon, Margaret. Now look me in the face and promise me that the day shall never come when you will come to regard me as a brother. There, good-night; your tears pain me. God forgive Brian; I cannot."

Once upon the street Bertie walked plump, absorbed in thought. This brief visit to Margaret had entirely unnerved

him, and he seemed wholly incapable of any practical decision. When he arrived in front of the Hoffman House he ran across Wilson, and feeling rather glad of this chance encounter he greeted him warmly.

"This is really the first moment I could call my own to-day," declared Wilson, taking a cigar from the case Bertie offered him. "Where is your destination?"

"I was just trying to decide," was Bertie's answer. "I dropped in to see Margaret, and I haven't recovered from the shock her appearance gave me yet. I never saw her look more wretched and ill, though I am inclined to think the cause is not entirely physical."

"No. Other influences at work. How did you leave her?"

"Alone," was the sententious reply.

"Alone," repeated Wilson. "Then, Brian?"

"Is off disgracing himself," responded Bertie with much anger. "He ought to be thrashed."

Wilson's face grew very grave.

"I had hoped things might be better," he said, with a sigh.

"They will never be better. I believe Brian has lost his last grain of manhood. He is worse than a coward. If he had a heartless, selfish wife there might be some reason, though never an excuse for his actions. But now there is absolutely nothing that one can say for him. He is simply breaking Margaret's heart. If you had seen her a year ago you could realize what a change these last months have wrought in her. It is his doing; all his doing. After she has left her home, her friends, and all she loves, for his sake. My heart swells with indignation at the thought. I know how she loves Elmwood, and dislikes New York. Yet after all this, she'll continue to talk of it. Women are enigmas; I give them up. I'd like to thrash Brian, though. It might possibly do him good."

"I can't understand him," remarked Wilson, half absently.

"No, nor can any one else. He doesn't seem worth the understanding. I'll have to find him somehow, and send him home. I can't bear his anxiety, and I don't know whether he is tumbling about in the gutter or disgracing himself in some other way. Are we at your quarters already? How fast we must have walked! No; I can't come in to-night. Some other time, old fellow. I'll have to make the round of the club houses, I dare say. Well, good-night."

Bertie did not find Brian, as he had expected, in any of his probable haunts, though he went to them all, anxiously examined the sea of faces, and even questioned the waiters and attendants. Rather disheartened after this vain search, he scarcely knew where to go next. In his dilemma, he was in the act of turning a street corner when the full glare of the street lamps falling upon a figure in front of him revealed something very familiar in its outline.

"Brian," he said, under his breath.

Yes, Brian—walking with the uncertain gait that only confirmed his fears. He thought of Margaret, and angry indignation overpowered him; but this same thought brought another, and under its impulse he managed to control himself. With a few hasty strides he was by Brian's side, and, placing his hand rather heavily upon his shoulder, he asked, roughly:

"Where are you going? Come home?"

"Home?" repeated Brian, startled into understanding and shrinking under Bertie's glance. "Home to face her? Never. A few days ago I promised her I would not touch another drop. Yes, promised. A farce, wasn't it? Soberly promised. You see me to-night. Go home, you say. Go home to see her shrink from me! To see her blush for me. To see—Ah, heavens, no!"

These words made no impression on Bertie.

"Don't add villainy to cowardice," he said, with flashing eyes. "Come, I say. If you have no self-respect, remember her, and have at least the decency to hide your disgrace under your own roof. You shall not break her heart; you shall not ruin her life. I'll shoot you."

"Ruin her life," echoed Brian, burying his face in his hands. "My God, I did not intend to ruin her life."

Bertie said no more. Perhaps even he felt some pity for Brian's evident agony, or perhaps he feared that words now would express too much of the anger which burned within him. There are men who can never understand the depths to which others can fall.

Quite silent he walked by Brian, and only left him when the door had closed upon him.

From her own room Margaret heard the faltering step, and knew that Brian had come, but even the great relief of this knowledge did not bring her sleep. All night she tossed restlessly, her mind a prey to miserable doubts and hopeless longings, and when morning came her face told its own story.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A True Story.

One evening an old couple came over to spend a part of the evening with us, and as we were seated around the fire the old lady told us of a celebrated murder that had happened in the town where she had lived for years, and as she had been personally acquainted with the parties concerned, was able to relate to us even the most minute details.

After she had finished and we had spoken of the many strange points of the case, the old man straightened himself out and slowly said:

"Well, I will now tell you a true story."

The feelings of the lady can better be imagined than described—Free Press.

THE New York Tribune observes that cargoes aggregating 42,000 tons are on their way to San Francisco by sea; but it discovers nothing more in the fact than a poetical interest in a revival of the romance which used to be associated with a trip around the Horn. Under the circumstances the prosaic Pacific coast will concede the poetry or anything else as long as it will keep the cost of transportation down to something like a decent figure.

A DANGEROUS plot has been "nipped in the financial arena of Chicago." This, it is believed, will prove to be an improvement on the old custom of nipping such things in the bud.

If women were to get into politics generally it would be fun in the middle of a lively canvass to see them trying to nail campaign lies.

GENERAL GORDON RE-ELECTED

CONFEDERATE VETERANS WOULD NOT LET HIM RETIRE.

THEIR VOTES WERE UNANIMOUS.

The General Delivers an Address Reviewing the Advancement of the Order During the Past Eight Years.

The business meeting of the ex-confederate reunion in Nashville was called to order by General John B. Gordon Wednesday morning. Prayer was offered by Rev. D. C. Kelly, of Columbia, Tenn.

The report of the committee on history was presented and referred.

General Gordon then delivered his address, prefacing it with an announcement of his intention to resign as general commanding. There were cries of "No!" from all over the hall and when quiet had been restored, General Gordon proceeded with his address. He said in part:

"MR. PRESIDENT AND COMRADES: Permit me with few words to return the commission with which you have honored me for eight years, and by unanimous vote. Within the next few hours you will elect my successor. When this duty is performed by you I shall gladly take my place by those united heroes who so grandly bore the battle's brunt in the stern work of war. Such a step voluntarily taken ought not to be considered a strange condescension by any man. To me it is a privilege."

"Mr. President, in these closing hours of my long service as commanding general I must ask the convention's indulgence for a brief review of that official relation and possibly for some suggestions as to the future."

"On the 10th day of June, 1889, eight years ago, while serving as governor of my native state, I received from New Orleans the wholly unexpected announcement of my election as commander-in-chief of the newly organized United Confederate Veterans."

This new communion of ex-soldiers began its somewhat unpromising career with the modest number of but ten organizations, united for peaceful and noble ends. Today it presents the proud array of more than a thousand camps answering the roll call, and reflecting merited honors upon the different commanders, and especially upon our able adjutant general. In the next few hours I shall turn over to my successor this army of more than a thousand organizations, rapidly advancing toward the second thousand."

"I said Mr. President, that I would turn over an army. It is an army of ex-soldiers, of ex-Confederate soldiers, of ex-fighting Confederate soldiers, philanthropic and broadly patriotic. It is an army still, Mr. President, but an army for the bloody work of war no longer. Its banners no longer bear the flaming insignia of battle. Its weapons no longer flash defiance to the foe nor deal death to the opposing ranks. Its weapons are now the pen without malice, the tongue without aspersion and history without misrepresentation. Its aims are peaceful, philanthropic and broadly patriotic. Its sentiment is lofty, generous and just. Its mission is to relieve the suffering of the living, cherish the memory of the dead and to shield from reproach the fair name of all. This now mighty organization, while insisting upon complete historical justice to the south, will scorn to do less than complete justice to the north."

General Gordon Re-Elected.

When General Gordon had concluded his address, a motion that General Joseph Wheeler be requested to nominate General Gordon for re-election, was made and carried. General Stephen D. Lee, who had been called to the chair, declared the nominations closed and General Gordon was unanimously re-elected. The thousands of delegates present cheered and waved their hats and handkerchiefs and the scene was a most impressive one.

The committee on credentials reported 7,000 delegates present and 1,000 camps represented.

General Chipley, of Florida, chairman of the committee of the Confederate Memorial association, presented the report of the committee.

"OLD GLORY" TORN DOWN.

United States Flag Jerked From a String of Other Flags.

A news special from Halifax states that the United States flag was deliberately torn from a string of other flags on Queen Victoria's jubilee day.

The flags were displayed by Thomas Lowndes from his residence. The flag was a very large one and only the band of it was left in the rope. Some time ago Mr. Lowndes received a threatening letter concerning the United States flag which was displayed by him on another occasion.

The outrage was committed early in the morning and the perpetrators fled before they could be arrested.

JOHN L. AFTER FIVE.

It is Said That They Will Come Together in the Ring.

A Boston dispatch says: When John L. Sullivan stepped through the ropes of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons ring in Carson City on the 17th of last March and challenged the winner of that sensational battle, even his warmest and closest friends were inclined to make light of the matter.

It was a clever advertising dodge, they said, for Sullivan's fighting days are past. But John persisted.

A COMBINE IN IOWA.

Three Parties To March Under One Banner—State Ticket Named.

The Iowa democratic state convention held at Des Moines adjourned early Wednesday evening, having completed its work.

The three allied conventions, the silver republicans and populists, completed their work slightly in advance.

The three factions were, after much controversy, able to agree on one platform, with free silver as the main idea and one ticket, composed of two democrats, two silver republicans and one populist.

The ticket will be placed on the official ballot under the name "democrat," and is as follows:

Governor, F. E. White, democrat; Lieutenant Governor, B. A. Plummer, silver republican; Judge, Supreme Court, L. M. Kinney, democrat; Railroad commissioner, S. B. Grain, populist; Superintendent of instruction, G. F. Reinhardt, silver republican.

The sentiment was almost overwhelmingly for Bryan. Every reference to his name was greeted with lusty cheering. His picture was repeatedly displayed, and every time an orator pointed toward it there was applause.

There was no quarrel given to the gold democrats. The silver element of the party had its own way in all the proceedings. In point of number it was one of the largest democratic conventions ever held in Des Moines and in point of enthusiasm it will compare favorably with any of them.

RECEIVER FOR "OKEFENOKEE."

Company That Undertook to Drain the Swamp Is in Trouble.

The enterprise set on foot six years ago to make a garden of the Okefenokee swamp in South Georgia, and incidentally to make money for the stockholders, after an expenditure approximating half a million dollars, has resulted in the financial embarrassment of the company which undertook the work, and stockholders seek the protection of the court for their investments.

The Suwanee Canal company is in the hands of a temporary receiver, appointed by Judge J. H. Lumpkin, of Atlanta, upon the application of the administrator of Captain Harry Jackson's estate. This company purchased the Okefenokee swamp from the state of Georgia in 1891, acquiring about 240,000 acres at 25 cents an acre, and paying the state the sum of \$63,101.80. Including this purchase money, the total expenditure on the property has been about \$440,000.

TRIBUTE TO VICTORIA.

Acting Chaplain Johnson Mentions Her in His Senate Prayer.

An eloquent tribute to the long and illustrious reign of Queen Victoria was a feature of the opening prayer before the senate Wednesday by the acting chaplain, Rev. Johnson.

"We thank Thee," he invoked, "for the demonstration of joy, both national and international, over her majesty, Queen Victoria's completion of her long and illustrious reign of sixty years; we thank Thee for her exemplary life and her social qualities, as wife, as queen, as mother; that her court has been pure and her throne without a stain; we thank Thee for all the achievements of the Anglo-Saxon race during this auspicious period of the world's history in all avenues of literature, art, science, for the cordial relations between the two great nations, one in language, literature, laws and civil and religious liberty. May they be bound together in perpetual bonds of peace."

FATAL TORRID WAVE.

Many Prostrations and Several Deaths From Heat in New Orleans.

For some days New Orleans has suffered intensely from a hot wave.

Sunday the thermometer registered 96 in the shade and Monday and Tuesday it crept up to 98 with a little or no air stirring. The effect has been disastrous and there has been probably fifty prostrations within that time and eight or ten deaths.

W. S. Dudley was found dead in bed Wednesday morning as the result of the heat. He was one of the best known cotton factors and club men in the city. The other deaths during the day were William Grady, blacksmith; Peter Tickner, warehouseman; William Griven, carriage driver, and John Modtler.

HUDSON'S FATE SEALED.

Governor Atkinson Has Refused to Commute the Negro's Sentence.

Terrell Hudson, the young negro murderer of DeKalb county, will now hang. Governor Atkinson has refused to commute Hudson's sentence, and the execution will take place at Decatur.

The scaffold which was erected several weeks ago, has been left standing by Sheriff Austin, and is in readiness for its victim. Hudson was to have been hanged on June 11th, but on account of a sensational affidavit made by one of the most important witnesses in the case the governor granted a respite.

EVIDENCE ALL IN.

South Carolina Court of Inquiry Gets Through With Its Work.

A Columbia, S. C., dispatch says: All the evidence the court of inquiry desires to take in and their room has been cleared for deliberation. A report to the governor will be made at once.

Jackson Memorial Hall.

The "Stonewall" Jackson memorial hall at the Virginia Military institute, Lexington, was dedicated Wednesday with imposing ceremonies.

WIFE USED SHOT GUN.

Prominent Citizen of Fayette County, Ga., Fatally Wounded.

A terrible tragedy occurred Thursday afternoon in Fayette county, Ga.

The Hon. Enoch G. Jones, a prominent and popular citizen of the county and a man well connected throughout the state, is dying as the result of a load of shot being fired into his head by his wife.

Jones, who was told that he would die, made a statement. He said that he and his wife had some slight difficulty and his wife, in a fit of anger, seized a shotgun and fired the contents into the top of his head.

The desperate woman, fearing that a mob might wreak summary vengeance upon her for her terrible rash deed, hastened to Fairburn, five miles distant, and gave herself up to the sheriff of Campbell county. She said she wanted protection from the Jones boys. The sheriff was told that the boys might lynch Mrs. Jones if they found her and he decided to leave at once with the woman for Atlanta.

The sheriff left hurriedly on the train Thursday evening for Atlanta and Mrs. Jones will be kept in the Fulton county jail until the matter can be further investigated.

The shooting is a sensation of considerable magnitude on account of the parties being so well known and standing so high in social and political life. Mr. Jones is past sixty years of age and Mrs. Jones is something over fifty.

VETS HAVE MONSTER PARADE.

The Closing Scenes of the Re-Union at Nashville.

A Nashville special says: Ten thousand veterans faced a beating rain and marched out Thursday morning in a procession unprecedented in the annals of the south since the war. It was a climax to the great reunion.

At night the old soldiers broke ranks after an address by General Gordon, and the camps scattered to their different states, not to meet again until next year, when the eighth annual gathering will meet in Atlanta, Ga.

The parade Thursday morning was the most picturesque ever given by the veterans. From the time that the warrior figure of Commander-in-Chief Gordon, erect as an Indian and defiant in attitude, was seen at the head of the column until the straggling lines of bedraggled soldiers brought up the rear guard there were shouts which made the walls of the city tremble, as the miles and miles of grim, scar-covered soldiers came by.

Sometimes it was almost like the specter caravan, and silence was so pronounced that this phantom parade seemed made up of the spirits of other days as the host swept by silently—and many of the veterans were weeping.

Then again the 10,000 throats would burst out with the rebel yell, which would go down the line with an electric thrill.

CONGRESSMAN COOKE DIES.

Found Dead in Bed in a Washington Hotel.

Congressman Edward Dean Cooke of Illinois, was found dead in his room at the Cochran hotel at Washington Thursday morning about 5 o'clock, presumably from heart disease.

Mr. Cooke retired about 11 o'clock Wednesday night apparently in perfect health.

About 5 o'clock, a. m., the night clerk went to Mr. Cooke's room to inquire for him. Mr. Cooke was dead, and the physician who was summoned immediately said he had apparently been dead for several hours.

The members of the Illinois delegation were at once notified and took charge of the body, which will be prepared for shipment to Chicago.

Mr. Cooke was a native of Iowa, and was 48 years old. He was educated in the public schools of Dubuque and later graduated from the Columbian university law school of Washington. In 1882 he was elected to the Illinois legislature and served on important committees in that body.

He was elected to the 54th congress from the "north side," or sixth Illinois district, and then re-elected to the present congress.

Republicans Form Union.

Advices from Honduras state that a treaty for provisional union of the republics of Central America has been signed at Guatemala.

A BAR TO EX-SENATORS.

Mr. Hale, of Maine, Surprises the Senate With an Amendment.

Senator Hale, (Maine), came forward Thursday with a surprise in the form of a proposed amendment to the senate rule admitting to the privileges of the floor of the senate only ex-senators who are not interested in any claim or in the prosecution of the same or directly in any bill pending in congress, and added to the text of the proposed change the following:

"The purpose of the proposed amendment is to prevent ex-senators from enjoying the privileges of the floor of the senate for the purpose of urging or opposing claims or bills in which they act as attorneys."

MISSING BRIG IS SAFE.

Long Overdue "Sea Lark" Reaches Spithead—Detained by Accident.

Advices from Portsmouth, England, state that a week ago the training brig "Sea Lark," concerning whose safety anxiety was expressed, as she was due a week ago from Queen's Ferry in order to take part in the naval review reached Spithead safely Thursday. The brig had been disabled in a gale and had also been detained by her winds.